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From Mendelssohn's Letters. New Volume.

TO REBECCA DIRICHLET IN BERLIN.

Düsseldorf, Oct. 28, 1863.

MY DEAR LITTLE SISTER:—The history of my life these last weeks is long and merry. Sunday, Maximilian's day, was my first Mass; the choir was crammed with singers male and female, the whole church dressed up with green boughs and tapestry; the organist *quintled** up and down in a frightful manner; the Mass by Haydn was scandalously jolly, and yet the whole was tolerable. Thereupon came the procession with my solemn March in E flat, where the musicians in the Bass repeated the first part while those in the Discant played on; but that made no matter in the open air, and when I met the procession afterwards, they had already played the march so often, that it went right well, and I reckon it an honor to me, that the musicians have begged of me a new march for the next Fair.

Before that Sunday, however, there was a stirring scene. The fact is, no fitting epithet can possibly exist for the music hitherto performed here upon this occasion. A chaplain came and told me his grievances; the burgomaster said that his predecessor was evangelical and had put up with it, but that he wished to walk with them in the procession, and they must have better music. A very old, morose musician, with a shabby coat, who heretofore had beaten the time for it, was summoned and appeared, and when they rated him, he declared that he should not and would not make any better music; if we wished to have it better, we might give it to another. He knew very well that people make great claims just now; now every thing is expected to sound finely—it was not so in his time, and he did it as well as it used to be done. It was really hard for me to bear this from him, although the others will certainly do it better; but I thought to myself, what if I should some day, 50 years hence, be called to a townhouse, and should talk in that way, and a saucy young fellow should snub me, and my coat should be so shabby, and I should know no reason in the world why all ought to sound better,—and then I felt badly!

It was a vexation to me, that in all the musical collections here, I could not find a single tolerable serious Mass; nothing of the older Italians, mere modern show stuff. I conceived a desire to travel over my domains and seek good music; so on Wednesday I seated myself in the carriage, drove to Elberfeld, and hunted up the *Improperia* of Palestrina, the *Misereres* of Allegri and Bai, and also the score and parts of "Alexander's Feast," took them along with me, and I drove to Bonn. There I ransacked the library alone, because poor Breidenstein is so sick, that he will hardly get up again,—but he gave me the keys and lent me every thing. I found splendid things, and took away from there six masses by Pale-

* *Quintulirts*; evidently a word made up by Mendelssohn, meaning, perhaps, that the organist played *fi this*, or allowed the *Quint* stop to be too prominent.—Ed.

trina, one by Lotti, one by Pergolesi, and Psalms by Leo, Lotti, &c. Finally, in Cologne I hunted up the best old pieces, that I have ever yet known, especially two Motets by Orlando Lasso, which are quite wonderful, even broader and more earnest than the two *Crucifixus* of Lotti. We sing a "*Populus meus*" of his publicly in church next Friday.

On the following day, that is to say, Sunday, there was no steamboat, and as I knew that my presence was necessary in Düsseldorf, I took the post coach here; on all sides people streamed hither on the highways; many gates of honor were erected, and the houses were set with lamps. I arrived here with my great packet, but not a soul would hear of it; nothing but the crown prince, and again the crown prince. And now he happily arrived on Sunday evening through the gates of honor, during the illumination, amid ringing of bells, firing of cannon, with an escort of civic guard, between rows of soldiers and military music, at the *Jägerhof*. The next day he gave a dinner, and invited me too, and I amused myself most capitally, since I was very merry at a little table with Lessing, Hübner and a couple of others. Besides, the crown prince was as friendly as any one could wish, shook hands with me, said he felt badly that I had forsaken him and Berlin for so long a time, heard my story, called me out of the corner as "dear Mendelssohn"—in short I demean myself at some distance twice as amiably.

I will describe to you the festival, that was given to him, and for which I, with the aid of some old transparencies to be connected together by verses, had proposed the "Israel in Egypt" with *tableaux vivans*! It was in the great hall of the Academy, where a stage was erected. Before it stood in two half circles the double chorus around my English grand piano (some 90 singers in all), and then came the seats for 400 spectators. R—, in mediæval costume, was the interpreter of the whole, and knew how to unite the unlike objects in a very skillful manner in iambs. He showed three transparencies: first the Melancholy after Dürer; to that was sung at a very remote distance, by men's voices, a Motet by Lotti. Then the Virgin Mary appearing in a dream to Raphael, with the music, *O sanctissima*—(a common-place song, but which always makes the people weep). Thirdly, St. Jerome in his tent, with a song by Weber: "*Hör uns Wahren!*" That was the first part. Now came the heart of the matter. We began "Israel in Egypt" below; you know the first Recitative, and how the chorus raises itself by little and little; first the altos alone, then more and more voices in addition thereto, as far as the strong passage with the single chords: "They sighed, they sighed by reason of their bondage" (in G minor); then the curtain rose, and we had the first tableau, "The children of Israel in bondage," designed and placed by Bendemann; in front Moses, downcast, in apathy, looking away before him; near him an old man, just sinking under the weight of his beam, while his son strives

to take it off from him; some beautiful raised arms in the background, in front a pair of weeping children, the whole closely crowded together like a group of fugitives. This remained standing until the conclusion of the first chorus, where at the same moment the chorus in C minor ended, and the curtain closed before the lucid picture. I have seldom seen a more beautiful effect than that.

And now the chorus sang of the plagues, hail, darkness, &c., without any tableau: "But as for His people, He led them like a shepherd," the curtain rose again; then Moses with uplifted staff came forward, and behind him, in jovial confusion, all the same figures that had mourned in the first tableau; all marching forward, all laden with gold and silver vessels; especially pretty was a young maiden, who with her pilgrim staff came just then out from the *coulisse*, and was about to walk over the stage (also by Bendemann). Then came again, without tableau, the choruses: "But the waters," "He commanded, the deeps overwhelmed them," "Thy right hand, O Lord," and then the recitative: "And Miriam the prophetess," at the close of which the soprano solo entered. Before its entrance, the last tableau appeared: Miriam with the timbrel singing praises, other maidens with harps and citherns, behind them four men with trombones facing in all directions; to this the soprano solo was sung behind the scenes, as if it proceeded from the tableau; and where the chorus came in *forte*, there were real trombones, trumpets, and kettle drums put upon the stage; these came in like a thunder-storm. Handel has clearly hinted this arrangement, for he makes them pause after the entrance, until they appear again at the end of the C major, where the instruments recur; and so we closed the part. This last tableau was by Hübner, and pleased me very much.

The effect of the whole was indescribably beautiful. If there had been any pretension about it, there might perhaps be much to be said against it; but it had something social, nothing public in it, and so I scarcely believe that another such beautiful festival could be invented. The things which now followed were a living tableau, drawn and placed by Schadow, "Lorenzo de Medici, surrounded by the geni of Poesy, Sculpture and Painting, who lead to him Dante, Raphael, Michel Angelo and Bramante," with a practical application to the crown prince, and a closing chorus; and then as a second part the comic scenes from the "Midsummer Night's Dream," represented by the painters,—but I relished nothing more, because this had been too striking.

How do you translate, in the same measure: "So love was crowned, but music won the cause?" Write me soon a good idea, for on the 22nd of November we are actually going to bring out the "Alexander's Feast," overture to *Egmont* and Beethoven's Concerto in C minor; in Becker's hall an orchestra is built, to my knowledge, for 200 men; and whatever can draw bow, or sing, or pay, will have to come.

Tell me also, whether I shall go on here with my Greek again? I did not dislike it, but I fear it will not go very swimmingly. Can I understand Æschylus perhaps? Be frank. . . You must get the *Hebrides* for four hands, it must be already out. But I think the overture to *Melina* will be the best that I have made.

Adieu, FELIX.

FROM A LETTER TO HIS MOTHER AND SISTER.

Frankfort, July, 14, 1838.

Hiller is here, whose presence was at all times dear to me, and we have always had much interesting intercourse. Only he is not—how shall I call it—one-sided enough for me. By nature he loves Bach and Beethoven before all, and would join himself most gladly to the earnest side. But now he is pleased also with Rossini, Auber, Bellini, &c., and with such many-sidedness no man gets on far. This forms the matter of all our conversations, as soon as we see each other, and so it is doubly pleasant to me to pass some time with him just now, and if possible to work upon him in my sense.

Yesterday morning I came to him. Who sits there? Rossini, large as life, in the most amiable Sunday humor. I really know few men who can be so witty and amusing as he can, if he pleases; we laughed the whole time. I have promised him to have the B minor Mass and some other things of Sebastian Bach sung before him in the Cecilia-verein; it will really be too fine, if Rossini has to admire Sebastian Bach. He thinks, however, after the custom of the country he is in, and will howl with the wolves. He is enchanted with Germany, he says, and if they once bring him the wine list in the evening on the Rhine, the *kellner* will have to show him his chamber, or he will never find it. He tells the funniest, most laughable things of Paris and all the musicians there, of himself and his compositions; and he shows such an immense respect for all persons present, that one could really believe him, if he had no eyes to see the prudent face he wears all the while. But there is mind and vivacity and wit in all his gestures and in every word, and whoever does not regard him as a genius, has only to hear him preach so once, and he will soon change his mind.

Leipzig, Jan. 18, 1838.

TO A HIGHLY RESPECTED COMMITTEE FOR THIS YEAR'S LOWER RHINE MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

I am heartily grateful for the invitation contained in your letter of the 8th of January. Your friendly thought of me is not less dear to me than the prospect of again attending so joyous a festival and of having the same sort of pleasure in it that I already owe to the Rhenish musical festivals. With sincere joy, therefore, will I accept your invitation, if God grants health to me and mine, and if we can agree to perfect mutual satisfaction upon the choice of musical pieces. The more successful the last Cologne festival was in regard to the order of works performed, especially through the work of Handel with organ, so much the more important does it seem to me to have this time also at least one piece on the programme, by which this year's festival may distinguish itself from the other, and show, if pos-

* He and his sister had been learning Greek together.

sible, some progress. Now to this end I really think it necessary to have the name Sebastian Bach upon the programme, even if only in a short piece; but certainly it is time, that in these festivals, to which Handel has lent so much lustre, the other immortal master too, who in no piece stands below another master, and in many stands above all, should no longer be forgotten. The same considerations, which now prevail against it, must also have prevailed in former years against the works of Handel; and you are all thankful to those who rose above them, and who have opened to you such a treasure of edification and improvement. May you, therefore, merit like thanks from the Rhenish friends of music, by making a beginning, which (I do not deny) is hard, and must be done with much reflection, but which will surely be productive of the best consequences, and be imitated on all sides. For if something by him is only once performed, then it is not hard to find it beautiful and have it done again. But the beginning! there's the rub.

The plan I would propose to you, therefore, in this regard, would be, to perform at the approaching festival a short Psalm of Bach (some twenty minutes or half an hour long); and if you are afraid to do this on the second day, lest you should frighten away the public through the terror of the learned name, why do it on the first day, and give at the same time a somewhat shorter oratorio of Handel besides. That no fewer people will come to hear the Handel, is quite certain; for anybody not afraid of one desires another, and there are still three or four wholly unknown, most excellent oratorios of Handel, which would last about an hour and a half or two very short hours, and would be a new revelation to all music-lovers. Through the splendid gift* of the former committee, I have first become acquainted with these works, and I should be very happy if you should again profit by it for this year's festival.

In regard to the second day, I might casually ask, whether you would not knock at Cherubini's door and inquire after his new grand *Requiem*; it would have to be translated, to be sure, and is only for men's voices; but as it is said to be only an hour long, or less, that perhaps would be no matter, and according to all accounts it is a splendid work. Meanwhile, the main thing this time seems to me to be the first point of this letter, and I must once more beg of you that you will talk it over as soon as possible.

TO HIS MOTHER.

Leipzig, Aug. 10, 1840.

. . . . On Thursday I gave an organ concert here in the Thomas-kirche, with the proceeds of which the old Sebastian Bach is to get a monument here in front of the Thomas School. I gave it *solissimo*, and played nine pieces, and a free Fantasia at the end. That was the whole programme. Although the expenses were consider-

* In an earlier letter (Oct. 6, 1836), Mendelssohn writes, after describing a good time he had with Chopin: "Just before his departure my Handel's works came, in which Chopin had a real childlike joy; but they are really so beautiful that I cannot rejoice enough over them. 32 great folios, in the well-known elegant English manner bound in thick green leather; on the back of each, in strong gold letters, the title of the whole and the contents of the volume; and in the first volume, besides, the following words: 'To Director F. M. E. The Musical Festival Committee of 1835 in Cologne,' accompanied by a very friendly letter of the whole committee, with all their signatures."

able, yet I had 300 thalers left me clear. Now in the autumn or spring I shall repeat the joke once more, and then an ornamental stone can be erected.* But I practised eight days long beforehand, so that I could hardly stand straight on my feet, and in the street I walked nothing but organ passages.

* It was done. The monument may be seen on the Promenade under the windows of Sebastian Bach's room in the Thomas School.

Johann Sebastian Bach.

Johann Sebastian, in some respects, the greatest musician that has lived, was the third and youngest son of J. Ambrosius, born at Eisenach, March 21, 1685, one month after the birth of Handel, at Halle, died at Leipzig, July 28, 1750. At a very early age he lost his mother, and had hardly reached his 10th year when his father died also. The little orphan was then placed under the care of his brother, J. Christoph, at Ohrdruff, with whom he continued his musical studies and began the practice of keyed instruments—the harpsichord and organ. The lessons of his brother soon ceased to interest him, and he begged the use of a manuscript in Christoph's possession containing compositions for the harpsichord by Froberger, Kerl, Pachelbel, the most noted organists of that day, but this was refused him. The door of the case in which this book was kept was of lattice-work, through which little Bach's hand would pass, and, as it was not bound, he was able to roll it up and draw it out. On bright moonlight nights, he would take it to his room and copy from it, and thus, in the course of six months, he had it in his own hand. It was hardly finished, however, when his brother accidentally discovered it, and took it away. The act seemed harsh, but doubtless the teacher knew best how to direct the studies of so young a pupil. The boy's pupilage in Ohrdruff was short, being ended by the early death of Christoph. In Europe—in England as well as on the continent—in our day as well as in the days of Bach—there is a resource for such boys in the choirs of cathedrals, ecclesiastical schools, and richly endowed churches. English, Italian, and German musical history gives us the name of many a celebrated composer who in youth was a chorister. Bach found a place as treble singer in such a choir at Lüneburg not many miles from Hamburg, remaining there until his voice changed, with the best advantages of excellent school and the best musical instruction, and in receipt of a small stipend, yet sufficient for his boyish necessities. His enthusiasm for the organ, and his zeal for music in other forms and styles, at this period, are sufficiently attested by his foot journeys to Hamburg to hear Reinke, the great organist, and to Zelle to listen to the French band in the service of the prince. With the change in his voice came the loss of his place and the necessity of entering upon a new field. Like Handel, he had studied the violin—with success, as his remarkable compositions prove—and it was now his resource. At the age of 13, therefore, he journeyed to Weimar, and entered the service of the court there as violinist. His leisure hours were still devoted to the organ, to counterpoint, and composition, and in less than two years, though hardly 20 years of age, he was called to Arnstadt to fill the place of organist, probably in the church where his father's uncle Heinrich had so long officiated. The three years spent in Arnstadt were years of most devoted study, and during that time he developed those powers which afterward placed him above all rivalry. Beside the labor which he devoted to the working out of his own conceptions, he let nothing escape him which appeared from the pens of Bruhns, Reinke, and Buxtehude. He was so charmed with the works of the last named that he went to Lubeck to hear him play, and prolonged his visit to a stay of three months, merely to listen to him in the church, for his acquaintance he did not make. In 1707 he accepted a call to Mulhausen, and the following year returned to Weimar, in the capacity of court organist. Encouraged by the continual applause of the

court he exerted himself to the utmost, and his principal compositions for the organ date during the seven years of his services there. In 1714 he gave up his position as organist and accepted the place of concert-master to the duke, with the additional duty of composing and conducting the vocal music of the ducal chapel. Here, doubtless, began the enormous list of works in every form of sacred music, which, mostly in manuscript, are preserved in the musical libraries of Berlin, Leipzig, and other cities. Here, too, he had constant practice in writing orchestral works and instrumental chamber music, and fitted himself for a larger stage of action. In 1717, Marchand, then at the head of French organists, appeared in Dresden, and charmed Augustus so greatly by his skill as to receive an offer of a very large salary to enter his service. Volumier, also a Frenchman, the concert-master of the king—whether jealous for the honor of his own nation or that in which he had cast his lot cannot now be determined—invited Bach to the capital to a trial of skill with Marchand. The Saxon accepted the invitation, and through the kindness of Volumier had an opportunity of hearing his rival. With the knowledge and consent of Augustus, Bach sent his challenge to the French artist, which was accepted. At the time fixed, Bach appeared at the house of the minister where the contest was to take place. The king and company waited long, but Marchand came not. At length came news that he had left the city early that day by extra post. The greatness of the German organist, however, more than made good the loss. Bach returned to Weimar, but soon after accepted the office of Kapellmeister to the court at Kothén, where he remained, composing for and directing the orchestra, until 1723, when the city authorities of Leipzig elected him to the position of musical director and cantor of the Thomas school. During the six years at Kothén, he had not neglected his favorite instrument. Obtaining leave of absence, he again visited Hamburg to see the aged Reinke, who had now nearly completed his century. While there, he gave a performance upon the organ of the Catherine Church in presence of the city magistrates and the principal citizens, extemporizing for more than two hours in such a manner, that the aged Reinke, who had listened with delighted attention, exclaimed at the close, "I thought this art had completely died out; but I see it still lives in you." At the age of 38 then, Bach, rich in all that study of theory, hearing the best models of his age and country, practice as member and leader of orchestras, and constant exercise in composition for church and concert room, could give him, entered upon the calm, quiet life of succeeding years, and devoted himself to teaching and to the working out of his lofty conceptions of the musical art. Twenty-seven years he thus lived and labored, surrounded by his pupils and his large family of sons, composing music sacred and secular in all the forms then known, except the opera and dramatic oratorio, and leaving as the fruits of these years, a mass of compositions, which for number, variety and excellence, form perhaps the most astonishing monument of musical genius and learning. Mozart and Handel alone can at all come in competition with him in this regard. Of the few works from his pen, which appeared in his lifetime, most are said to have been engraved upon copper by himself with the assistance of his son Friedemann, and this labor, added to his others so numerous, finally cost him his sight. A few years later, at the age of 62, an attack of apoplexy carried him to the tomb. He was twice married, and of the fruits of those marriages he left ten sons; all of them fine musicians: several of them among the very first of that great period in the history of the art, in which Mozart, Haydn and Gluck, were the chief ornaments. This great musician had no cause to complain of a want of due appreciation, either as organist or composer. Very soon after his establishment in Leipzig, the duke of Weissenfels conferred the title of Kapellmeister, with the emoluments of the office, without requiring his personal attendance at court, and in 1736, Augustus of Saxony created him "Royal Polish and Saxon electoral court composer." In 1747

he was persuaded to accept an invitation from Frederick II., king of Prussia, to visit Berlin and Potsdam. Notice was given to the king of his arrival in the latter city just as a private concert in the palace was to begin. "Gentlemen," said Frederic, "old Bach has come!" The old organist was instantly sent for, and without affording him time to change his dress, he was brought to the palace. The king had several of Silbermann's piano-fortes in various apartments—one may still be seen there—and to these in succession Bach was taken and called upon to try their powers. At length the king gave him a theme for a fugue, which was so coined out as to afford him the highest gratification, and he immediately afterward demanded an extemporaneous fugue in 6 parts. Bach thought a moment, and selecting the theme, worked it up, to the astonishment not only of the king, but of the several distinguished musicians present. Upon his return to Leipzig he wrote out the fugue, added to it another in three parts, and a *ricercar*, also, in six, both upon the same theme, together with other specimens of his powers, and published them with the title of "A Musical Offering." The only works by Bach, published during his life are exercises for the harpsichord, in three parts, which appeared at intervals: an air with 30 variations: 6 choral preludes in three parts for the organ: variations in canon upon the choral *Von Himmel hoch* and the "Musical Offering." The rest of his works left in manuscript have come out one by one, or still remain unpublished. The 6th volume in folio, of his complete works, has just appeared in Leipzig, edited by the Bach society. Our limits forbid any attempt to give a catalogue of these works—they amount to many hundreds in number. Among them are found 5 complete sets of vocal pieces for the church for all the Sundays and festivals of the year; a great collection of oratorios, masses, magnificats, sanctus, pieces for birth, wedding and funeral occasions, and not a few comic compositions; 5 "passions," so called, compositions to which the accounts of the suffering and Death of Christ, as given by the evangelists, furnish the text; more than a hundred sacred cantatas are preserved in the library of the Thomas school alone. "The Well-tempered Clavier," a collection of 48 preludes and 48 fugues, is known to every student of the piano-forte, as remarkable in its adaptation to the purpose of enabling the performer to conquer the difficulties of that instrument. His works for organ, harpsichord, orchestra, and every sole instrument in use a century since, are as numerous and effective as his vocal compositions, and begin again to form a part of the programme in the principal concerts of Central Europe. As a virtuoso upon keyed instruments, Bach seems to have anticipated the wonderful effects produced in our own days by Thalberg and even Liszt. In his own age he was in this regard—as has been said of Shakespeare as a poet—so far above all others as to have no second. The fingering invented by Bach was the basis of his son Emanuel's work upon the piano-forte, which opened a new era for the instrument, and led, through Mozart and Clementi, the way to the extraordinary perfection exhibited by the virtuosos of our own time. To it he was compelled by his own works, for, as he himself said, "he had often been compelled to study long at night how to play the compositions which he had written during the day." Perhaps the most striking points in Bach's compositions are the marvellous invention they exhibit, and their extraordinary grandeur, power and science. Mozart, when, near the end of life, he came to Leipzig, after having exhausted all the sources of musical learning of Rome, Milan, Vienna and Paris, heard the Thomas school boys sing a motet of Bach. His attention was caught: "Ah," he exclaimed, "here is that from which one may still learn something!" Bach's works occupy some such ground in art as do the works of our noble old English prose writers in literature: they require study to be comprehended and felt in their greatness. Here and there the forms of expression have become antiquated; at first much seems obscure, which afterwards stands out prominent for beauty; but study is rewarded finally by

leading him who perseveres to treasures of original thought there and only there to be found.—*New American Cyclopaedia.*

What They Say of the Great Organ.

From the *New York Commercial Advertiser*:

The public expectation concerning this organ has not been disappointed. The full power is magnificent, and the solos, which were little used except by Mr. Willcox, seem to be perfect. The *vox humana* I did not hear distinctly, and cannot give an opinion as to its real value. So far as I can judge from a single hearing, the quality of tone has a perfection with which nothing else in the country can be compared. The descriptions which have been written of the case come far short of doing it justice. As I looked at it again and again during the evening I found new beauties. In the softened gaslight and the dazzling glare of the electric light, burning on the polished pipes, I hardly thought of its being real. But on ascending the stage afterwards and standing by the two figures which support the two groups of large pipes, I saw the majesty of the design. Looking at the figure, I was almost startled by its terrible naturalness, for the brawny arms clasped above the head showed great bunches of straining muscle, and the expression of the face was that of intense pain. They do seem crushed, and for my own part, I doubt the propriety of representing human bodies in such posture; but I have to do justice to the fidelity of the work. It is only by standing close by that an idea of the scope and marvellous creation in it can be fully attained. Since Dr. Holmes's article, the artist has improved the general tone by touching bits of gilding here and there, binding in a golden band the viols and flutes which deck the sides of the case, dotting the domes of the towers, &c.

This facade is a creation, a thing of perfect beauty. In itself alone we might behold art enshrined; but when there is behind all this, as its lord and occasion, a thousand-tongued soul, we may be reverently glad at having on American soil what is at least as perfect an organ as any in the world, if not the largest. Let us accept the fulfillment now of this work, begun in a financial crisis, as a hopeful omen. With my heart full of music which I thought it no blasphemy to call divine, I stood under the great pipes, sublime with their open mouths and singing heads painted thereon; and as I marked how every sculptured line for itself wrought a little toward the complete fabric, and the parts lost themselves in the whole, and then turned to the simple and noble words above the keys, over the maker's name, "Opus CC. Begun February, 1857; completed, October, 1863," a flash of the burning light fell on the Saint Cecilia and transfigured her with her harp as the singer, who shall hymn the peace and liberty of the continent. Then, as the light went out, I turned reluctantly, and left the hall and the majesty it contains.

From the *World* (New York).

...Grandeur, more beautiful, richer, better—better in all than the thought had pictured. It makes Boston the metropolis of music, for no other city has achieved the creation of such a glory of harmony. They, the Boston music-lovers, have been liberal, have been patient. They have recognized the value of years, of books. They have sought not the maker, or the country, or the style or the school, but all. For this their agent had crossed the seas, studied all organology, heard all existing giant instruments, asked for all inventions, all improvements, and has been able to judge which was best—and the best is here.

...But of beauty, of form, of shape, of decoration, I can judge, and this casing—this house in which are these harmonies—is exquisite. It is so in form; it is so in color; it is so in carving; in the sweep of the silver pipes; in the recesses, as to an inner temple of music, of the key board; in the busts and legends, and scrolls and columns; but beyond all in magnificence of breadth and height. For the first time the American people see a great organ. The power and the sweetness—viceroy of sound, as voice is king—are in such form and dimensions as bring the mind up with it, and from this opening music in America has advanced a movement of the ages.

If one desired to see the reality of his ideal of a cell where a musician lives, it is before him in the beautiful direction of this instrument. The keys, obedient to every volition, are there and at their side the very riches of all sweet sounds. Touched they talk, and their language is from storm to whisper. When Mr. Walker, while yet the organ was unfinished, gave the full swell, one might ask of the roof what its idea was of security, and yet as gentle and as glittering as the piano. All voices that air can form—it is but to ask the stop, and it is given. The organ—

ist has all at his command, and never did old master write them so complex, combination so daring, but that its fulfilment is achievable with this great melo-dist.

The great organ opening will never be forgotten. We may hear with more patience now of the wonders of Herten and Freiburg, as in our own land we have their companion. The event has been anticipated as de-lirious a new era in the refinement of our people. What a people this must be, who in the midst of a terrific war, can thus crowd to a festival of music! The legend borne by the organ is most appropriate—"Gloria in Excelsis." Oh, if we could but add to it, "And on earth peace!"

From the Independent.

The instrument has many doors of entrance. One admits to the huge piles of bellows below, one to the compensating pair above that unites and regulates them. Two enter through carved doors in front, and lead down winding stairs to its central hall. Here, above and around you, rise the pipes and run the multitudinous strings of wood. These thousands of fibrous tissues—slim, narrow nerves—give it speech. Without them, like a voiceless word, it would live and die unheard. With them, it is united with the touch and the soul of man, and so becomes spiritual and immortal. They are of various lengths, according to the distance of the pipes from the player. Some of them reach over thirty feet and turn five or six angles, upwards, sideways, and backwards, before they make the connection. Yet the faintest breath of motion on the keys is instantly answered by the soul within.

Of the more than five thousand pipes that tower around you on every side and of every size, from those large enough for a man to creep through, to mere quills and hairs—of the thousands of little valves, no bigger than those in a child's toy, that open and shut with every impulsion of the fingers—of the many great bellows that rise and fall like the waves of the central ocean—are they not chronicled in *The Atlantic* by the brilliant Professor of human, and so, properly, of this anatomy? To stand here when the organ is playing, and to see—as you easily can, as it is lighted with gas—these barking valves, and waving bellows, and nerves of motion flying back and forward, is like standing in the human frame, which "ineluctably" profess to do, and beholding the various forms of energy which a great orator calls into play in the full tide of speech. Not being gifted with spiritualistic vision, we rejoice in the not feeble likeness thereof which the great organ expresses when thus excited through all its gigantic frame. One illustration will set this vastness more clearly before you. It is 24 feet deep, 48 wide, and 60 high, or almost exactly the size of a first-class five-storied city house. Empty that house of apartments, and fill it with pipes, shafts, and piles of heaving bellows, and you have the vitals of the great organ.

The front of the palace of music comports with its inward furnishing. A polished basement of black walnut, twenty feet high, is set forth with admirable carvings of heads, masks, musical instruments, scrolls, and eminent names. An hour's study could not exhaust their richness. The key board is approached by an elegant recess, like the doorway of a cathedral. Above this pediment rise the pipes. Like that, they are not arranged on a straight line, but are broken up into that discord which is the highest concord.

The outer towers are of carved wood, crowned with Byzantine domes, with the arms of Boston and Wurtemberg wrought upon them. From them a curve of pipes sweeps inward, and then outward beyond their line to the two prominent pillars. These are composed of three great pipes, each five and a half feet in circumference and thirty-two feet high. They stand in a compact semicircle and are supported by the shoulders of Atlantean caryatids. Their mouths are seven feet from their pointed bases of almost solid tin, and above the orifices on the shaved surface five heads are painted with open mouths full of exultant praise. Thus leap to the lofty ceiling the shining pillars of song. From these advanced towers the curve again sweeps inward to the centre, and a short, straight space, at whose base is the recess of the key-board, breaks up, with the outer buttresses, the otherwise weakening flow of curvilinear lines. The four towers in the centre are crowned with statuary, the former of cherubs playing on lyre, lute, flute, and horn, while St. Cecilia bending over her harp gives it central and harmonious perfection.

Another thought often occurred during the evening. How is it that we can be indulging in such costly luxuries, when we were told but a few years since that if our Southern brethren left us we should

instantly plunge to destruction? Now Richmond is starving and Charleston is burning, while poor, hated, loathed Boston is giving ten thousand dollars for one evening's entertainment with a new organ that costs more than fifty thousands. She is making ample arrangements for her comfort "in the cold," where her warm enemies are anxious to leave her. May Charleston and Richmond, refined and purified by the fires through which they are passing, soon rejoice in Boston principles, Boston prosperity, and a Boston organ!

Nuts and Raisins from the Walcker Dinner.

I.

DR. HOLMES'S IMPROMPTU.

I asked three little maidens who heard the organ play Where all the music came from that stole our hearts away:

"I know,"—said fair-haired Edith,—*"it was the autumn breeze*

That whistled through the hollows of all those silver trees."

"No, child!"—said keen-eyed Clara,—*"it is a lion's cage,—*

They woke him out of slumber,—I heard him roar and rage."

"Nay"—answered soft-voiced Anna,—*"'twas thunder that you heard,*

And after that came sunshine and singing of a bird."

—*"Hush, hush, you little children, for all of you are wrong."*

I said, *"my pretty darlings,—it was no earthly song; A band of blessed angels has left the heavenly choir, And what you heard last evening were seraph lips and lyres!"*

II.

MR. PHILBRICK'S SPEECH.

MR. JOHN D. PHILBRICK spoke substantially as follows:

Mr President,—I take pride, as every Bostonian must, in the great triumph of Art which we commemorate this evening; but I take pride in it also on personal grounds, for this achievement is the result of your enterprise. It was you, sir, who first conceived the design, and called to your aid in executing it the accomplished artists and mechanics whom we honor to-night,—you who now do me the honor to introduce me to this company as your classmate.

I know not how to express what I feel on this subject. I remember that Coleridge somewhere says, it made him feel happy that such a man as William Wordsworth had lived. And I must say that it makes me feel happy to know that there is, in this city, such a thing as the Great Organ in Music Hall. Happy are those to whose genius and skill we are indebted for this noble work. Their names will live and be honored here as long as music is cultivated and appreciated.

It is an honor to Boston to possess such a work of art, for it was the education of Boston, or the civilization, which amounts to the same thing, that brought it here. But why could not Boston make it? Why could not America make it? Both the instrument and the matchless structure in which it is enshrined, are the production of the art and skill of the little kingdom of Wurtemberg, for the Messrs. Herter, as well as the Messrs. Walcker, are Wurtembergers. You searched both continents, and found the Wurtembergers most competent to execute your great tasks. How did this happen? This question has been repeatedly asked. Permit me to answer it briefly, for to me it is a very interesting question, and the answer from my point of view contains a very important lesson. Now I say there is no mystery, no chance in all this. No prejudice in favor of foreign skilled biased your choice of artists. Your mot-

to was, "Get the best," and you actually found the best exactly where the educationist would expect to find it, in a state preëminent for mental culture. We are justly proud of the educational eminence of our own State. She stands at the head of the educating States of America. But Wurtemberg, with a territorial area about equal to that of our Commonwealth, and a population a quarter larger, has a far more ample and perfect system of education. If, indeed, I were called upon to name the State in all the world, where all the educational wants of the people are most perfectly provided for, I should designate just this little kingdom of Wurtemberg.

Look at her university with six faculties and seventy professors; her nine real or scientific schools, with seventy professors; her five lyceæ with thirty-five professors and teachers; her six gymnasia with ninety professors and teachers, in which the classical course is equal to that of our colleges; her eighty-seven Latin schools with two hundred instructors; her theological seminaries; her polytechnic school with twenty-one instructors, for teaching the application of science to the practical arts; her institute for agriculture and forestry at Hohenheim, the most complete agricultural establishment of the kind in Europe; her veterinary schools; her superior seminaries for girls; and her seven schools of art and drawing, at one of which the finest groups of statuary which adorn our organ were sculptured;—look at all these institutions, sir, and tell me if there is any other spot on the globe where the means of high and varied intellectual cultivation are more ample and more liberal. Nor is the provision for elementary instruction less liberal. Every locality of thirty families and upwards, must maintain a common school; and where the number is less the school is supported in part by government aid. And it is to be remembered that every one of these elementary schools is taught by a learned man, thoroughly trained in the science and art of education, and devoted to the profession of teaching for life. Indeed, the crowning glory of the Wurtemberg system of education consists in its superior provision for the professional training and improvement of teachers in public institutions, which comprises six teachers' seminaries, each having an ample corps of professors, sixty teachers' associations, and twelve annual institutes of two weeks duration, held in different places in the kingdom. Denzel, the eminent director of the Seminary at Esslingen, wrote the most complete treatise on education in any language, which was published in six volumes, in 1839, at Stuttgart, and in which is developed the highest modern ideal of education.

Nor is this complete system of national education of recent date. Its main features are adopted and incorporated into the frame of the Government, nearly a century before the Mayflower dropt anchor in the harbor of Plymouth; and the University at Tübingen was established long before Columbus made his first voyage of discovery to this New World.

Now since skill in the mechanic and fine arts is the result of mental culture, who does not see, in the facts I have stated, a sufficient cause of the superior skill and art of the Wurtemberg people? Yes, sir, my theory accounts for the fact that you found the highest skill in Wurtemberg, and the fact sustains my theory.

The superior talents employed in the production of your superior organ are the legitimate fruit of a ripe and liberal system of national popular education. Let your guests, on their return to their Fatherland, tell their countrymen that we know and appreciate their educational preëminence.

Permit me to offer, in conclusion, the sentiment: Mental and moral culture, the source of national power, glory, prosperity and happiness.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, NOV. 28, 1863.

The Great Organ—What it is not and what it is.

The great work is done and dedicated. We are all proud of it and happy in it. It more than rewards years of patient waiting, more than equals the most sanguine expectation: it vindicates triumphantly the zeal and the persistency of its projectors, and refutes the unbelief of "practical" utilitarians. It seems too good a thing to be true; but it is really ours, in permanent possession, "a thing of beauty and a joy forever," as far as work of man may be called certain or enduring. It is done, and nobly done, and there it stands. What does it stand for? What do we gain by having this great Organ? Admitting all the excellence that has been claimed for it as an organ—and we believe it to be as nearly perfect as the art with all its acquisitions to this day could make it,—it is still well, and indeed it is our duty to try to form a sober estimate of the event, both negatively and positively. The enthusiasm there is about the Organ is all natural; the glowing descriptions, even if they overshoot the mark in some particulars, are not too glowing; the delight which thousands have felt in the seeing and the hearing of the wonder is quite sincere and unaffected; it is natural enough, nor could it well be otherwise, that the Organ should be the only musical topic talked of for the time being, and even that the Music Hall for a whole month or two should know no other music but that of the organ, Beethoven's statue standing for his Symphonies the meanwhile—a sure pledge, however, that they will have their day again. We are still in the midst of the enthusiasm, the fresh sensation and surprise of all this; yet it is not too early to try to form to ourselves a clear and definite appreciation, not of the organ as an organ, but of its advent here as likely to impart a new impulse to musical, artistic, social progress. What signifies the new possession? Wherein precisely does its value lie? What can it, and what will it do for us?

To get at the reasonable answer we will begin negatively, approaching definition by the process of limitation. Rejoicing with the rest in our great Organ; admiring it and loving it for the beautiful and conscientious work which we have seen put into it, as we have watched its progress day by day; feeling the poetic grandeur, harmony and richness of its outward enshrinement growing on us daily as we stood before it—a sure sign of a real work of art, a poem to the sight,—caught up, as every one at all imaginative is, by glimpses of great meanings and great possibilities before such a solid revelation, such a tangible, unvanishing *mirage*; hopeful of nobler impulses which it will awaken in men's hearts with the vibrations of its thousands of true, heaven-strung voices; made as happy as another by all this enthusiasm and this fine anticipation, we are still reminded of certain limits in the very nature of the case, which such enthusiasm is apt to overlook, flooding them out of sight.

1. In the first place, it is well called the "Great Instrument." For, after all, it is but an *instrument*. Whether it will do to hail its arrival as "the most interesting event in the musical history

of the New World," depends entirely on the use that shall be made of it. You may build a splendid statehouse, but that does not "constitute a State;" the birth of the State, though with but a log hut for its offices, is really the event. The arrival of the first Chickering Grand Piano in a musical household is an event; but the birth of a musical genius in that house were an incomparably greater one. The first performance of a Beethoven Symphony in Boston; the first triumph of organized native effort in bringing out Handel's "Messiah" and teaching us the love of such things; the visit of Jenny Lind to these shores; the settling in any of our towns or cities of one really superior, high-toned, genial and inspiring artist, teacher and conductor—are not these greater musical events, more fraught with influence, than the acquisition of the very *beau idéal* of instruments upon the grandest scale? Nay, is there any comparison in worth between a great organ and a great *organist*—by which we mean a great musician, in the fullest sense, and not a mere player of the instrument. The bust of Bach looks out from the centre of our Organ: suppose we had Bach himself here, a new John Sebastian of the nineteenth century, a free-born American; with whatever instrument came to his hand, would he not be a greater possession than the grandest instrument without him? Indeed it is because there lived a Bach, and because there have been other musical geniuses, creators; because Beethoven's Symphonies and such live influences have nourished a regard for earnest music here in Boston, that we now take unto ourselves an organ. But a great organist, richly as he might revel, could he sit down at these key-boards and pedals, could do a mighty good work in the world with half as good an instrument.

So do not let us be in haste to hail our Organ opening as the *greatest* event in our musical history, while it is verily a great one. If we make too much of it in our pride of its importance, there is danger that we shall not make the most of it in the practical way of its best uses. With all its untold resources, all its grand associations and suggestions, the all in all of Organs never can become the all in all of Music. It is timely to remind ourselves of a few of its limitations, that so we may come to a clearer idea of its true, its noblest uses.

2. The organ cannot take the place of an orchestra. Some are too apt to think it can, because it contains such a variety of stops, each voiced after the type of some orchestral instrument; such unmistakable flutes, clarinets, oboes, bassoons, trumpets, and pipes of such a *stringy* quality as to represent the viol family in all its members; and because some clever organist can combine and alternate these in a way to reproduce to you the leading features of an overture, or movement from a Symphony, with enough truth of color to revive pleasant memories, with the added charm (but not the sterling one) of unexpectedness. Compared to the original, there is at least all the difference of the colored crayon copy from the original masterpiece in oil. Besides, the *drawing* is often sadly out. The color you have; but the form, which is the *tempo*, the rhythm; the thrilling vital accent,—these halt and drag, lack outline, fire and force of purpose, and you lose the soul of the composition in the very luxury of its tone-fleshiness.

Then again, the many parts or voices in an or-

chestral composition run so independently, each following out its own melodic channel, often crossing each other, that there is no playing them upon keyboards with one pair of hands (and feet), as you would organ or piano music. The texture of the fabric is quite different, and far more complicated. The organ gives you the 80 instruments, to be sure; but where are the 80 souls, intelligences, behind the instruments? Compare the notes of an orchestral score—say a symphony—with an organ or piano-forte "arrangement" thereof. In the one, you follow the various colored threads (or instruments) as they mutually entwine, vanish, re-emerge in the wondrous web of tones; in the other, though you may imitate a salient melody of this or that instrument by drawing out some solo stop, or may mix stops to match tolerably well the general tone-color of a passage, yet if you have three, or six, or ten chosen stops drawn out (on the same Manual), they will all move together one way, instead of individualizing themselves. Played on a great organ, a Symphony is merely a piano-forte arrangement illuminated, as it were, by coloring these notes of a bit of melody violet, these bright yellow (as of flutes), these scarlet (as of trumpets), &c., &c.; but all this does not make an orchestral score of it. Overtures and parts of noble Symphonies may be very pleasingly and surprisingly recalled by such clever imitations on so many-voiced an organ, as we have heard here since the opening from Mr. Morgan and some of the younger organists; but if the illusion grow too captivating, till our ears rest contented with it, and no longer ask to have the real thing, where is the musical gain? The great Organ puts back the cause of music, becomes a loss instead of a gain, if it be allowed to supplant or exclude from the field the Orchestra.

3. As to the expression, passion, which most people love in music; seek it in songs, seek it in opera, in oratorio, in orchestral instruments, but do not look for any singularly fine or glowing exhibitions thereof in an organ. It lacks the power of accent; it cannot emphasize or shade a note, except to the limited extent of such contrivances as the *swell* and the *tremolo*. True its tones have their characters, some warm, some cold, some bright and positive, some soft and wooing; one is well named the *Vox humana*, and another *Vox angelica*, and still another might perhaps be named *Vox diabolical*; and is not here material, and *personnel* too, for an opera? Some of the sounds are so sweet, so rich, so warm, or so stirring, that they go right to the heart; but none the more and none the less because the organist is warm or cold at heart himself; the charm is one of nature, just as some human voices seem naturally full of feeling although their owners sing without a particle of inspiration. Whatever is personal, or sentimental, can find better utterance elsewhere than in an Organ; God has given it other organs.

4. If the edification of the listener, or the improvement of his taste for music, or the deepening of his love for it, were in proportion to the pleasure and the wonder which the sounds of such an Organ excite in the largest number, then indeed it would be clear gain in the highest sense. But many things may please the multitude without at all helping to improve its taste. All that tickles the palate is not necessarily wholesome. In a crowd of children sugar plums are popular, and

sure to be encored; now the public is a child in music, and giving it sugar plums is not the way to form its appetite for better food. The greatest organ may be so used (and in a concert hall, with no restraints as of a hallowed place, the greater it is the greater the temptation so to use it) as not only to content the ignorant with sweetmeats, but even to demoralize somewhat the musical sense and conscience of the best of us, by lapping our souls in lazy luxury of mere sounds. The very sounds of this Organ are so beautiful, so fascinating, in their contrasts and combinations, that even the earnest Art-lover finds himself enjoying them without regard to any musical thought which they contain; he grows indifferent to meaning, listens willingly and pleased to everything that may be played, however insignificant as music, however frivolous in its associations, hacknied in its sentiment, un-organ-like in its entire want of any earnest reference to the Art principle. The charm is partly sensual, partly of pleased curiosity, but in no true sense is it musical, is it artistic. What justifies the existence of the Organ is its power as an instrument to give voice to music that is great in itself as music, its power to interpret a great composition. But when used just to please the ear, the order is reversed; the music is a mere vehicle to the curious and pleasant sounds of so many sets of tones; worth about as much as the oil with which a painter blends and fastens his pigments, but not amounting to a thought, a picture, which would have intrinsic value even without the colors. Now if the Organ is not to be used earnestly, if it is chiefly to minister to an idle pleasure in sweet sounds or astonishment at grand ones, if its task is still to be to exhibit itself instead of interpreting to us the great music, it becomes too grand a means for so small an end, a sublime superfluity. If the public is such a child in music as to be still calling for Mother Goose when it may have Shakespeare, why, give it Mother Goose in the good old honest nursery (hand-organ or promenade concert) style. But to set up this noble paragon of Organs just to play the pretty tunes, is like giving us Mother Goose in superb folio *édition de luxe*, in the highest style of print and binding, massive covers, gold and Russia leather, like a great church bible, and illustrated with the finest art of Kaulbach or Gustave Doré:—a grand work of Art in itself, but—for the purpose of Mother Goose! Our illustration is an extreme one, to be sure; we do not mean to say that our organ concerts ever have come quite down to this nursery level even during the wildest saturnalia of the mad-cap tyrant Encore, who delights in distorting and pulling to pieces the best planned programmes; nor have we much fear that we shall come to such a pass; we merely suggest sugar plums and Mother Goose as the *reductio ad absurdum* of this whole principle of making a noble instrument but serve the momentary pleasure of the greatest (we sometimes suspect it is only the loudest) number. An inspiration, an idea lay at the root of the art which culminated in the first grand Organ, and that idea was not amusement, nor could this have built it or conceived it, any more than it did the wonderful old Gothic cathedrals, the like of which there is no faith entire enough in this age to produce again.

So far the negative side; now for the positive. The Great Organ cannot of itself bring in great music, or lift us up to it, without the aid of musical genius, culture, conscience,—not so much as these can with poor organs; it cannot take the place of an orchestra, nor of the human voice; it cannot ally itself with sentimentality so consistently or so effectively as a guitar; nor can it go down on all fours for popular amusement without

readily compromising its dignity; nor can it, in stepping from the church into the concert room, properly borrow so much as it brings, and learn to serve virtuoso vanity and egotistic skill, when it should shame them out of sight. These are its limitations, by no means disparaging ones. What remains? Enough, and of the noblest.

1. If it cannot give us these things, it can give us—organ music; and that is a very noble kind of music, and has long been a desideratum among our musical opportunities, a blank in our musical culture. The organ has a music peculiarly its own, and in which a really great organ is supreme. We do not speak now of its technically religious uses, the part it takes in public worship, for our concern is with an organ in no church, a concert organ. The music which is truest to the genius of the organ, the great fugue style (not limited to strict fugues) of Bach, is alike in place, alike divine, outside the church or in the church: it is secular music, in that it has no ritual function; it is religious in that it addresses the sense of the Infinite within us, being impersonal and universal in its spirit, lifting us above ourselves. Who can doubt that the music of Bach, and whatever else there is of really great organ music, will be henceforth much oftener heard in Boston, through the presence of this great organ? It will, it must help, directly and indirectly, to bring Bach as a live influence home to us. What does not every one with a deep love of music feel that he owes to Beethoven? Because through his symphonies we know him, he has become and he remains very near to us, lives in our inmost life. An equally great acquaintanceship and sympathy, an equally enduring blessing, is the true music-lover yet to find in Bach; and this shall as surely bring him to us, or bring us to him, as his grand head looks down there on the organist. In spite of all less worthy uses of the organ, of all the caterings to many tastes and no taste, of all the demands which for a time curiosity will make upon its newly opened variegated stock of sounds, and in spite of the necessity of making it attractive to the crowd until its debt is paid off and it is ours without a peradventure, it must and will in due time find its place among other musical means and influences and in the long run belong to Art. Organ music is not for crowds; it is like the grander poetry, like the Bible, to which the musical soul turns in its deeper moods for strength, for solace, for life and freedom in forgetting all the little wearying personalities and superficialities which ensnare and drag us down. We do not expect the children to enjoy Bach; but as the moral experience deepens, as one learns to know the great inner wants, the hunger of the soul, does he, if musical, come into a condition to understand and feel and drink in deeply that great music; then he feels that Bach's music is not more wonderful for its unequalled technical musicianship, than for its profound tenderness and truth to the most significant experience of all souls. Whoever has deeply suffered, and not lost faith, must love Bach: that is the testimony of earnest musicians; and therefore it is worth while to cultivate enough of musical knowledge and familiarity with his forms to be able to know him. It is the sheerest ignorance which talks of Bach's music as pedantic, learned, dry and merely intellectual. Few creations of man's genius have so much of soul, imagination, poetry. Therefore, we say, this and kindred music does not belong to crowds, to fashionable and parade occasions. Only as an auxiliary, an incident in certain festival occasions, in oratorios, in public worship, does the organ naturally address a crowd. Organ performances as such, and by itself, are for such as like them and at such times as one needs

them; we are not aware that they are or ever were in any part of the world popular; travellers stop at Freiburg to hear the famous organ, because it is one of the lions; but organ concerts do not command and do not need large audiences, as operas and oratorios and symphony concerts do. The sweetest enjoyment of the organ is in the quietest way, and the real worth and comfort of our organ will be felt, after it has ceased to be an event, when the novelty and excitement are passed, and it shall have settled down into its every day, unpretending, ordinary estate. Then it will be heard very frequently, daily perhaps, by such as may come in proper hours, by groups and companies of listeners, more or less as the case may be, now tens, now hundreds, and the influence will steal into their hearts quietly; the less parade and crowd, the better chance of sincere real music. It will have its great occasions also; but the quiet every day influence, on a few at a time, will be the deepest and the widest and the most abiding; for these seeds will take root. Like the great cathedrals, let it in some sense stand always open, as universal as the sunshine, so that one may enter when he is passing, when he feels the want, and let heavenly music shine into his soul.

But we wander; what we mean by all this is, simply, that is not of so much importance that the Organ charm to it the great-st number, as that its word be generally high and great, befitting its great presence, that it discourse earnest, sincere music, so that its influence shall be of the best so far as it goes; and then it will be sure to go far, really, if not obviously. We place, therefore, first in the list of benefits to be derived from the great Organ, that it guarantees to us great Organ music.

2. But we do not wish to be too exclusive. The great organ music, such as Bach's Fugues, and Toccatas, or oratorio figured choruses, which admit very well of being transferred to the organ, are properly played with the full organ, rolling out great volumes of sound, hundreds of pipes blended in one chord. This is the proper organ tone, large utterance of godlike thoughts. It is the kind of tone which best satisfies both ear and soul in the long run; you are exalted and emancipated while it fills you. If it sound confusing and almost stunning at first, the ear by custom learns to love and crave it, and recognizes the movement of individual voices and the wealth of varied detail in its perpetual unfolding. The organ, to be sure, is, and has been commonly considered even by great organists, by men like Mendelssohn, a one-sided instrument,—it's one side being this great one of the utterance of what is most sublime, impersonal and universal in music. But it allows alternations from this full chorus duty, and is furnished for them. The beam of white light may be shivered into its prismatic colors. Separate stops may step into the foreground, singly, or in groups, and that too without departing from the true organ style of composition, that is to say the *polyphonic* style. How sweetly they may be contrasted in Bach's trio Sonatas, how touchingly and strangely in his varied Chorals (*Choralvorspiele*), where a voice intones the melody, while figured harmonies rustle and flow beneath it and above it like running water and the breezes in the trees. Mendelssohn's organ sonatas have something of the same charm. Much doubtless may yet be done with the separate stops of such an organ, all in the earnest spirit of true polyphonic music, which no composer has as yet discovered. Would not old Bach find out new ways of using these resources, if he could sit down to an organ like this?

And we are willing, even, to make pretty large allowance for uses of the organ which are not strictly organ-like, especially for renderings of fine passages from oratorios and other serious works. The orchestral "transcriptions" (overtures, &c.) are among the most questionable and in the end unsatisfactory; but they are not unsuggestive for the time being, and may serve a good turn if they are only treated as exceptional, and not as the true thing. The modern French *Offertoires* of Battiste, Wely, &c., are too much for effect, too operatic, indulging in such cadences, such melo-

dies as are sung behind the foot-lights; yet they have their good points. We do not fear any of these things, or worse things, provided they are kept subordinate, offset by frequent hearings of the nobler music. In the long run the latter works its way in spite of all smarter and more specious rivals. There are always some souls which it is sure to enter, and where it enters it goes deeply. Whatever is heard, so it be musical, some education of the ear goes on; it depends on the hearer's depth of nature whether he demands more; only take care that he have opportunities; let the great books be within as easy reach as the light novels.

3. The Organ, as an auxiliary, accompanying great choruses in oratorios, &c., and even doing the work of a small orchestral accompaniment in certain cases—although great oratorios are written for orchestra and cannot do without it—can contribute an inspiring element of grandeur, as we shall presently (this very evening) have occasion to witness.

4. The Organ will give, is already giving, a new and a higher impulse to our organists. They work and study with a new encouragement, a new assurance that the dignity of their calling begins to be recognized. To play an organ, such a grand thing as stands there before us, is not that a task worthy of a man? Then everything about the Organ, its grand sonority, its grand aspect, inspire the young organist with a reverence for his task, and kindle in him a noble longing to do something worthy. Publics may be delighted with it as a plaything, and encore the little brilliancies and prettinesses; all very sweet to their palates, but growing less and less so to the young organist himself, who burns to be in manlier service. Already we have seen that, with very few exceptions, all the organists who have thus far played in the Music Hall, even the lovers of the light and popular, the sceptical about fugues, have sought some color of earnestness for whatsoever they have played. The wonder, after all, is considering the general ignorance of organ music and what a child the public is in Art, that there has been so little of nonsense and frivolity in these seven concerts. The proportions of pure Organ music might have been greater; but the general drift was earnest. The organists are likely to grow earnest, to deepen in their purpose, under the new inspiration.

5. Last, and not least, one solid, sure gain have we in this Organ: we have got a real genuine great work of Art. Great inwardly and outwardly, great in untold possibilities of harmony to the ear, great actually to the sight. It is perhaps the first thorough, really great work of Art, made without any poor economy of means, made with an artistic zeal and conscience pervading the entire work, made with ideal truth and beauty for the motive and no eye to profit or any secondary end, which we have yet had in this country; and therefore by the mere fact of its existence and its presence is it a perpetual inspiration; a reminder of the soul's ideals; a monitor to nobler life and purpose; a rebuke to all sorts of sham and mean pretension in Art; a standard of the best; a grand authority, intolerant of false and foolish things, silently frowning down upon egotistic efforts, or sonorously flooding them out of sight. It will grow harder and harder to do frivolous and shallow things in the name of music under the shadow of such a Temple. May its performance be as noble as its presence!

Concerts.

The series of GRAND ORGAN CONCERTS, seven in all, in aid of the Organ Fund, closed last Sunday evening. They have been generally quite well attended, the Hall being half full at least, which is a great audience for an organ concert, and at the dollar price must have eked out the fund not a little. The selections, with the exception of the last, have contained less of Bach, or any other pure organ music, than the first two, and yet there has been a great deal that was good and edifying.

MR. LANG and MR. WILCOX divided the burden of the fourth concert (Saturday afternoon, Nov. 14)

between them equally. Mr. Lang played a very grand slow movement (*Grave*) from the Fantasia in G by Bach,—a broad, full, rich, deep, tranquil flood of harmony, cooling off the aching petty fever of this life. Also the overture to *Egmont*, so well as to choice of stops and execution, that one missed the orchestral fire and crispness thereof less than he had thought possible. The little Pastoral Symphony from the "Messiah," on a deep diapason sub-bass (how round and satisfying those great tones!) breathed itself out very sweetly; and the Adagio and Allegretto (with flute solo) from Rink's Concerto in F were nuts to many of course. Mr. Wilcox played Handel's "Coronation Anthem," of which Mendelssohn says in one of his letters: "The beginning is of the finest that Handel or any other man ever made; and all the rest, after the first short movement, so dreadfully dry and ordinary!" Also a Fantasia in A flat by Battiste, full of fanciful and striking effects, astonishing the people with the powers of the organ: a rumbling *Improvisation* displaying the beauty of the stops in a graceful way, but hardly amounting to composition; and a March from Gounod's "Queen of Sheba," more bright and popular than organ-like in any high sense.—Everything was skilfully done and generally much enjoyed.

The same two organists furnished the fifth concert (Wednesday afternoon, 18th). Mr. Lang repeated the Mendelssohn Sonata and Mr. Wilcox the Lefebure-Wely Offertoire of the Inauguration Night very welcome. Mr. Wilcox also played a chorus from Handel's "Saul," and Handel's "Harmonious Blacksmith" variations, showing the stops to fine advantage, and improvised again acceptably as usual. Mr. Lang gave an organ imitation of the *Freyschutz* overture, which sounded more like the orchestra than either of the overtures thus far attempted. The unearthly great bassoon and trombone of this organ, its warm clarinet-like *Corno-bassetto* stop, its full, mellow flute tones for the horn passage, and its stringy violin tones, told well in this wild, romantic, mystical overture. Handel's "He shall feed his flock," very tenderly and delicately treated, and a March of Israelites from Costa's "Eli," made out the rest of his share.

In the sixth concert (last Saturday evening) Mr. J. C. D. PARKER, for the first time, joined his force to that of the two gentlemen above named. He played No. 2 of Mendelssohn's six Organ Sonatas, and an *Offertoire* by Battiste (which sounded in its empty and trivial in some parts), in the manner of an accomplished organist. The main feature of the programme to a musician was one of Schumann's six fugues on the letters B, A, C, H (it being the German letter for B natural); it is a noble, truly organ-like piece, ending with an exceedingly grand chromatic *crescendo* of full chords, and Mr. Lang did it finely. He also gave the Recitative and Angel Trio from "Elijah" on exquisite, fine, remote and slightly tremulous stops, and repeated the *Freyschutz* overture with closer likeness than before. Mr. Wilcox presented Kullak's pretty *Pastorale* in very fresh, piquant and winning colors; improvised with more adherence to a melodic text than before, ending with the Quoniam from Hummel's Mass in B flat; and closed the evening grandly with Haydn's chorus: "The Heavens are telling."

The seventh programme (Sunday evening) was of a more serious character, but too long. The audience larger than usual.

Part I. By Mr. J. K. Paine.

1. Fantasia Sonata in D minor. J. K. Paine
- a. Grave—Allegro agitato. b. Andante con variazioni. c. Presto. J. K. Paine
2. Chorale Varied; for two manuals and double pedals. Bach
3. Andante. Mozart
4. Fantasia in A minor. Thiele

Part II. By Dr. S. P. Tuckerman.

- a. Introduction to Oratorio of "David." Neukomm
- b. Chorus from the "Tod Jesu," the death of Jesus. "Surely he hath borne our griefs." Mendelssohn
- c. Terzetto—"Lift thine eyes." Handel
- d. "He was despised" (Messiah). Handel
- e. Chorale—"Jesu, King of Glory." Bach
- f. Dead March in "Saul." Handel
- g. Chorus—"Ory Aloud and Shout!" Dr. Croft

Part III. By Mr. J. K. Paine.

1. Passacaglia in C minor. Bach
2. Vivace, from Trio Sonata in G. Bach
3. Reverie—"Song of the Silent Land." J. K. Paine
4. Old Hundred with Variations. J. K. Paine

The Chorale Varied and the *Passacaglia* were the two great things of this programme; but the latter had to be cut short and the *Vivace* wholly omitted on account of the great length into which Mr. Paine unconsciously ran in his opening composition; a work in an earnest direction, polyphonic in structure, interesting in most parts, but capable we should think of being abridged to advantage. Mr. Paine always plays true organ music, and plays it as no other whom we have among us. The *fantasia* by Thiele is a strong foaming cataract of strong and

splendid harmony almost as stirring as a Bach *Toccata*.

Of Dr. Tuckerman's selections (none of them strictly organ pieces) the most impressive were choruses by Graun, and the Dead March in "Saul," in both of which the great deep diapasons told superbly. The other pieces were all interesting and artistically rendered.

THE MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB gave a concert at Chickering's on the 13th, in aid of the Sanitary Commission. Adagio and Allegro from Beethoven's Septet; the stately *Andante con moto*, with variations from Schubert's Quartet in D minor; Mozart's beautiful Trio, for piano, clarinet and viola, with Mr. DAUM for pianist; a couple of Franz songs by Miss HOUSTON, were among the good things of an enjoyable programme.

GOTTSCALK has given three or four concerts of his own fashionable and peculiar music here during the past fortnight, aided by Mlle. CORDIER, the singer, and another little PATTI, master Carlo, who gives promise with the violin.—GILMORE's Sunday evening "sacred" concerts at the Boston Theatre still draw their crowds; but Gilmore hand-on postponed last Sunday in favor of the organ concert.

Music in Prospect.

THE HANDEL AND HAYDN SOCIETY combine their forces with the Great Organ this evening for a "Grand Choral Inauguration." We shall hear the Organ as an accompaniment in Oratorio (See programme among advertisements). There will be full orchestra besides, and excellent solo singers. Handel's music to Dryden's "Ode to St. Cecilia," will be a novelty, and quite appropriate just now; in this the organ will perform the whole accompaniment. The Society give their services in aid of the Organ Fund.

Next will come the Organ in connection with the musical festival of the public school children—an occasion of rare interest; then the great Sanitary Fair will occupy the Hall; then the Christmas performance of the "Messiah" and that brings it to the end of the year. What next? Plenty of Organ concerts undoubtedly; the more of them the better; but what for Orchestral, for Philharmonic concerts? Is it not time to hear of something?

In the way of Chamber Music in Chickering's Hall, we are to have something choice forthwith. Next Saturday evening Messrs. KRISSEMAN, LEONHARD and EICHBERG will commence a series of four Soirées. Those who attended their soirées two years ago will need no persuasion. Their first programme will embrace the E flat Trio of Schubert, a violin and piano Sonata (Op. 23) of Beethoven, a *Nocturne* (piano) of Schumann, Beethoven's violin *Romanza* in F, a *Siciliano* by Bach, and of course some fine Franz songs,—for have we not the singer?

DEATH OF MME. VANNUCCINI (late Miss LIZZIE CHAPMAN). It is not a year since our oratorio and concert audiences were listening with rare pleasure to this young native singer, after her studies in Florence. She returned there early in the Spring, and in the month of May was married, at Perugia, to her teacher, the Maestro Vannuccini, considered there the first in his profession, a high-toned, honorable, amiable gentleman. Life looked bright before her. But disease came, and four months of painful illness ended in her death. She had made many friends in her new home, both among the Americans and the Italians, and the attendance at her funeral is said by a gentleman long resident in Florence to have been larger than any he remembered to have seen at a Protestant funeral there.

Musical Prosperity.

In the midst of our national struggles, which might appear to affect very disadvantageously those branches of industry which are immediately connected with the amenities of peace, it is really surprising to find how prosperous many of those branches are. Music makers and musical instrument makers are alike fully and successfully employed. The demands of the army alone for band instruments and their performers, have been very large. Our teachers are well occupied, and the season bids fair to be a brilliant one in every way. Our noble Organ comes, in the midst of all, to give a new impetus to the cause of music, and expectation is now moving our whole musical community. Piano-fortes are among the most costly luxuries, though musical necessities, of

an enlightened taste. One would think they would be among the first relinquishments which a people at war would make. We are surprised, and no less gratified, to learn that the demand for them was never larger. The single establishment of CHICKERING & SONS is no less than some hundreds of instruments behind their orders. And this is a cash business besides. Even the manifold facilities which such able and experienced manufacturers must necessarily possess, are inadequate to supply the momentary demands of a public, which is willing to pay, and roundly, for the best to be had. It is certainly a satisfactory state of things for those, who believe music to be something more than amusement, to contemplate. In the midst of what seems to be an anomaly, a war prosperity, our people find the time and the means to think of and to purchase music and its most costly appurtenances.

[For Dwight's Journal of Music.]

The Art, Principle, and its application to the teaching of Music. By ANNA JACKSON. Philadelphia: Frederick Leyoldt, 1863. 12mo., pp. 30.

The leading idea of this very interesting essay is, that the true Teacher should treat music not as a species of Mechanism, but as really one of the Fine Arts. Man (according to the author) is normally so constituted as to possess a Principle of Art—a principle, which (as far as music is concerned) amounts, in the chosen few, to a faculty for the production of original and permanent works; in others, to the ability to reproduce such works in an intelligent and sympathetic performance; and, in a still larger class, to the capacity for appreciating and enjoying such works when so interpreted for them. In all cases, this Principle ought to be educated. For the pupil and the hearer, the proper education should consist in assiduously listening to specimens of true music—to the works of the great Poets, who have uttered what God has given them to say, through the medium of musical sounds. Nor is it enough, (in Miss Jackson's view,) that the education of the pupil should be only thus far associated with the works of the great masters, while the pieces, which he is taught to execute, should be the usual show pieces of mere finger dexterity. She would have his actual lessons to be real specimens of true music. With such views, Miss Jackson would not, to be sure, regret the use of Exercises in mechanism, but she would have them selected and applied in judicious subordination to the true end of piano study.

Music so taught becomes an efficient agent in producing cultivation of the highest order; and when we consider how widely the study of the Piano is diffused, and how naturally it introduces the pupil to other chamber-music, and then to that of the orchestra, we begin to feel how noble a vocation is that of the piano-teacher, when it is pursued in the spirit which animates the essay now before us. Miss Jackson deserves the thanks of all the friends of genuine culture for the earnestness and the ability with which she has employed her pen in the good cause. In the interest of that cause, we venture to go a little beyond the printed record, and to say, Miss Jackson has won a perfect right to speak as she has, by having constantly lived up to her own precepts. She is herself an earnest and successful Teacher in her native city; and, both in her lessons and in her private soirées of chamber music, (for stringed instruments as well as for the piano,) has done more for classical music, in the case of her pupils and their friends, than societies and orchestras have done for the public.

WORCESTER, MASS. Handel's *Acis and Galatea* was performed here on Thursday evening, Oct. 29, in Mechanics' Hall, by the Hamilton Club. Too worthy an enterprise to go unchronicled; so we copy from "Stella's" notice of it in the *Palladium*:

The performance of Handel's pastoral was, as a

whole, excellent. The singers seemed not the least daunted by the empty hall in which six or seven hundred listeners seemed but a hand-full; but sang with a spirit and animation which was remarkable.—This was, in no small measure, due to the orchestral support of the Quintette-Club, who had the assistance of Messrs. Burt and Stearns. Their correct, and always artistic playing, was not lost on the singers, who came up to their work with a will, and gave the choruses with almost unerring precision and promptness—and in good time and tune. Certainly, better choral singing is not often heard. "*O, the pleasure of the plains*," and "*Happy We*," were especially inspiring, and readily found favor with the audience. It would be difficult, where all was so good, to particularize what was best; but the triumph of the singers was in the difficult chorus, "*Wretched Lovers*," which was exceedingly well given, and highly creditable to Mr. Allen's ability as conductor. The solos were generally well sung; although there was at times a little want of animation, and an occasional lack of finish—faults always of amateur performances. Miss Whiting, recently of this city, but now of Springfield, took the part of Galatea, and contributed in no small degree to the excellence of the evening's performance. Under Zerrahn's careful instruction, she is advancing to a high rank among native singers—a place that will be won not only by acknowledged talent, but by a conscientious study of what is highest and best in music, without which no performer can succeed in giving truly artistic interpretations. The other soloists were Mr. Richards, *Acis*; Mr. Knight, *Dimon*; Mrs. Richards; Miss Hood, whose voice has much richness of tone; and Mr. Hammond, *Polyphemus*. The latter gentleman acquitted himself well, giving to his part much of the needed energy and force, without a thought of theatrical exaggeration. The other two were generally successful, and their efforts deserved more than a passing notice. Mrs. Hammond, as pianist for the Club, had an important duty which was well performed. She has more merit than many who are less retiring; and has unusual taste and skill as an accompanist. As for the little orchestra, its playing, aside from the other attractions of the evening, was something to be remembered with satisfaction and pleasure. The seven instruments, played by such performers, produced more sound than would the instruments of a score of indifferent players, and every tone was as "true as steel."

During an intermission between the parts, miscellaneous selections were given.

The Hamilton Club, which retires from the field as the season approaches for the rehearsals of the Mozart Society, celebrated its adjournment for the year by a pleasant social festival on Tuesday evening. After the transaction of business, the society, by invitation of its president, Mr. D. H. O'Neil, visited Marrs' supper room, exchanging over an oyster supper, mutual congratulations upon the success that might have crowned their late concert had the public been disposed to award it. "Better a failure on the part of the audience than on the part of the singers," was the well-expressed sentiment of the Club, and one that will yet gain for it the favor it deserves. Edward Hamilton, Esq., in honor of whom the society takes its name, made some happy remarks, thanking them for the personal compliment implied in their name, congratulating them upon their musical if not pecuniary success, and wishing them a prosperous future. Other members of the society followed, in speeches made upon the principle that "brevity is the soul of wit," and the proceedings were throughout, marked by a spirit of friendliness and good will—a social harmony, which does not always dwell among musical fraternities. Success to the Hamilton Club!

MR. CHARLES C. PERKINS'S "TUSCAN SCULPTURE." The Messrs. Longman & Co. announce in press a magnificent work on Tuscan Sculpture, from its revival to its decline. It is to be published in two quarto volumes, with numerous illustrations on steel and wood designs by the author. Mr. Perkins has lived many years in Europe, and is recognized both in Great Britain and on the Continent as a scholar of eminent ability. Although so long a resident abroad, he has always shown a true patriot's interest in his native land, attesting by his liberality his sincere regard for the welfare of home. Crawford's glowing statue of Beethoven, standing in front of the great organ, is a perpetual reminder of Mr. Perkins's munificent generosity, that work being his gift many years ago to the Music Hall.

The great work on the Sculpture of Tuscany will not probably appear till some time in 1864, the designs of an elaborate undertaking taking years for the engraving. Boston may well be proud of Mr. Perkins, and will hail his book with the welcome every true mark of genius should receive.—*Transcript.*

Special Notices.

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LATEST MUSIC.
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Friendship and love. (Non venni mai.) Duet.
From "Robert Devereux" by Donizetti. 5

A duet between Nottingham and Queen Elizabeth, in which the manly and pathetic pleading of the generous nobleman for the life of his friend, contrasts finely with the shrill outcries of anger from "Queen Bess," who is exceedingly "set" against her former favorite.

Go, be faithful. (Vanne e serba geloso) Duet
from "Ione," by Petrella. 5

One of the fine strains of this splendid opera. The singers in the present case are: Arbaces, the Egyptian, and Burbo, formerly gladiator, now tavern keeper in Pompeii. The movement may be called "powerful and melodious."

All hail! Live innocent and purely. (Salve, dimora) Song. Italian, French and English words. From Faust, by Gounod. 35

Song of Faust, contemplating the truth and purity of the beautiful Marguerite of Rouet. Very melodious.

Down by the river there lived a maiden.
H. S. Thompson. 25

Mr. T. here tries his hand at a negro song. It is, one of the funniest. Good song for the boys.

Behold where Glaucus bows (E la rapito) from
"Ione." 25

Duet between Burbo and Niliis, the former tempting the poor slave girl to give a magic elixir to Glaucus. Contains a rich melody.

Soft winds are breathing, Ballad. H. S. Thompson, 25

Exquisite.

Vesta Moore. Ballad. H. S. Thompson. 25

Graceful and mournful, with a very sweet melody.

Softly now, tenderly, lift him with care. Song.
C. S. Harrington. 25

One of the very best ballads of the war.

Cousin Jethaliah. Song and chorus. H. S. Thompson, 25

Very comic Yankee song, with a pretty melody.

Garden of Roses. Song. F. Booth. 25

A simple and pleasing melody, with quite a varied harmony in the accompaniment.

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Recommended to choirs.

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Gen. Grant's Grand March. Gungl. 35

A very spirited production, worthy to have the name of the hero on its title page.

Mephisto Galop. J. Labitzky. Four hands. 50

Labitzky, if not the king of dance music, is at least one of its prime ministers. The Mephisto galop is easy, brilliant, classical and good for learners as well as amateurs.

Silver bell Polka. Lemon. 25

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Most excellent compositions.

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The Tuner's Guide. A complete treatise on tuning (and repairing) the Piano-forte, Organ, Melodion and Seraphine: Price 40 cts.

A very useful and practical little work. Any one who has an ear good enough to tune a violin, or even to sing in good tune, may soon learn by its aid to tune his own piano. This is a very great convenience in places where professional tuners cannot be procured.

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being two cents for every four ounces, or fraction thereof. Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at double these rates.

